This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them; Hie thee, captain,

Exit Officer.

ARCH. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.
WEST. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew
what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.
ARCH. I do not doubt you.
WEST. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.
MOWB. You wish me health in very happy season:
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.
ARCH. Against ill chances, men are ever merry[4];
But heaviness foreruns the good event.
WEST. Therefore be merry, coz[5]; since sudden
sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-
morrow.
ARCH. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.
MOWB. So much the worse, if your own rule be
true.
Shouts within.
P. JOHN. The word of peace is render'd: Hark,
how they shout!
MOWB. This had been cheerful, after victory.
ARCH. A peace is of the nature of a conquest:
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
P. JOHN. Go, my lord,

4 Against ill chances, men are ever merry;] Thus the poet describes Romeo, as feeling an *unaccustomed* degree of cheerfulness just before he hears the news of the death of Juliet.
STEEVENS.

5 Therefore be merry, coz;] That is—Therefore, notwithstanding this sudden impulse to heaviness, be merry, for such sud-

den dejections forbode good. JOHNSON.